

half-pence," was the cheery reply.

The few inhabitants of the hamlet gathered to see them off, and the fisherman's wife was moved to screech her apron into her eyes when Philip shook hands with her, saying that she would see him again in a few days.

"Eh, but he's a bonny lad," was her verdict. "Twas a fair sham" to treat him so."

At Scarsdale and at Malton again came loving words from Evelyn. Now she knew who it was who telegraphed to her.

And the mysterious Philip Anson at York remained dumb.

"The wretch," she said to her mother. "To dare to open my letter and send me impudent replies!"

More than once she thought of going to York to meet her lover, but she wisely decided against this course. Mr. Abington was out of town, and Philip might need some one he could trust to obey his instructions in London.

At ten minutes past 5 Anson and Dr. Scarth arrived in York.

A long discourse in the train gave them a plan. They would not appeal at once to the police. Better clear the mist that hid events before the aid of the law was invoked. There were two of them, and the assistance of the hotel people could be obtained if necessary.

They hurried first to the station master's office. Anything for Anson? Yes. Only a few words of entreaty from Evelyn to avoid further risk.

Then to the hotel. They sought the manager.

"Is there a man staying here who represents that his name is Philip Anson?"

The question was unusual in its form, disturbing in its innuendo. The man who asked it was pale, with unnaturally brilliant brown eyes, a gentleman in manner, but attired in ill-fitting garments, and beneath his tweed cap he wore a surgical bandage.

And Philip Anson, the millionaire, of whom he spoke thus contemptuously, was staying in the hotel and paying for his best rooms.

But the manager was perfectly civil. The presence of Dr. Scarth, a reputable-looking stranger, gave evidence that something important was afoot. Mr. Anson was in his rooms at the moment. Their names would be sent up.

Dr. Scarth, quick to appreciate the difficulties of the situation, intervened quickly.

"Is he alone?"

"Yes."

"Then it will be better if you accompany us in person. An unpleasant matter can be arranged without undue publicity."

This was alarming. The manager went with them instantly. They paused at the door indicated.

"Come with me," said Philip, turning the handle without knocking.

Greater intent on the person of a letter he had just written, looked up quickly.

He was face to face with Philip Anson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FAIL HATS.

Among the smartest order in hats are the bell-shaped or cloche shapes, the Louis XVI, the Capeline, the Charlotte and the modish sailor. A dozen or more shapes there are which rank below these, and have their admirers, too, but they need not be specified. Some are picturesque and becoming in their oddity, others are hideous and trying, but liked by those who want something startling that attracts even by its ugliness. Fashions are so various that all have to be suited. There is not to be the former sudden change from white hats and pale trimmings to richer, deeper hat colorings and garnitures, when the early September days bring about something new for hat wear, and the trimmings of old ones.

The dark straw in vogue all summer, if in good condition, will answer, for there is nothing smarter, and deep rich tones of purple, of plum, of violet, of hyacinth, are all to the fore when fashion rules. We are to see these lovely deep tones introduced in dress materials in part, and mingled in with others as well. Velvet flowers for hat trimmings are a constant feature, and convolvulus, now made in beauty of shade, may be seen through the palest tulle, descending almost to a black richness of deep purple.

Very big hats have been selected, declares a high millinery authority, as the style of hat that is to represent fall dress this coming autumn, and later, too, it is expected.

Tallor hats are to vary in shape and size, but he it understood that the short skirt of any costume that wears will make it obligatory to modify the size of the hat. Nothing is more disfiguring than a large hat worn with a short skirt, and nothing more eloquent of the wearer's ignorance of correct style in dress. The tallor hats then will be adjusted in size according to the wearer's height and build, and the petite figures having their fit proportion of hat made ready for them.

## A FIGHT BETWEEN SWORDFISH.

The big swordfish had reached the blue waters of the ocean, when, without warning, a blue-backed torpedo-like body shot out of the depths, coming at it like an arrow. The swordfish tipped intuitively, and a sword grazed its head, as a big, thick-set member of its own family swept through the waters above it. The two fishes turned and came at each other like mad bulls. Again, by some miracle, they missed, just grazing one another, to whirl about and begin the thrilling play for time and opportunity. Then, like flashes of light, they turned and came on with a strange whistling sound, and a compact that tossed the white-chinned spume high in air, came together as only bodies weighing 20 or 30 pounds can when impelled by animate thrust engines of unknown power. Came together and remained there, whirling, tossing tail in air, rolling over and over. The long slender fish had pierced the other, and the terrific efforts on the part of the fish were to undo what the sword, which was only accomplished after a struggle for several minutes. Then both fishes shot away, then again came together, giving mighty side blows, and then out of the red stained water one broke and fled.

The writer found the largest of these fishes a few days later on the sand where he had been washed or thrown in the waves; four or five deep wounds marked the body. In one rush the sword had entered the eye, coming out at the gill; another cut a furrow along the top of the head; another still had entered slightly from below, but the real cause for defeat was evident in its sword, which was splintered, and broken, against its enemy—Charles Frederick Holder in September Recreation.

# Talmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 8.—In this sermon the preacher inculcates the lesson that God rules all things and can turn the apparent trivialities of life into events of the mightiest importance and highest beneficence. The text is 1 Kings xlii, 34. "And a certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness."

I once held in my hand a little Bible that had been carried by a soldier all through the civil war. It had been given to him when he was a young recruit. He always kept it in his breast pocket, just over his heart. In one of the great battles a Confederate bullet plowed its way through three-fourths of that book and knocked the man senseless, but that Bible stopped the bullet on its journey. "And," said the old soldier, "God saved my life by that book on account of my mother's prayers." Do I believe that? Most certainly. Paul tells us in the epistle to the Ephesians that the shield of faith is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, so in times of battle God can direct the course of every bullet and every missile. He can protect his children in times of danger as well as save them from destruction after they have become helpless.

During the late civil war the two armies were being concentrated near Hawk's Nest Bluff in West Virginia. One day an Ohio regiment was seen to emerge from the woods. Some sharpshooters were watching it, among whom was William Phillips, afterward General Phillips. No sooner did the Union soldiers appear than young Phillips borrowed a long range rifle and took steady aim at the colonel riding at the head of his troops, but the sharpshooter's rifle was aimed just a little too high, and instead of crushing into the brain, the bullet took off one of the plumes of the colonel's hat. Thirteen years after the war was ended General Phillips was visiting the White House at Washington. In the presence of Ruford B. Hayes he was telling of this incident. President Hayes remarked: "Yes, I remember that shot. I was that Ohio colonel you shot at." God had a bigger work for Ruford B. Hayes than to let him be slain in skirmish. He wanted him to live to become the chief executive of our nation. God never lets a man die before his life's work is finished. He can protect his children in times of danger as well as rescue them after they have been overthrown by misfortune and become helpless.

## God's Omnipotent Power.

But, though God can protect a man when he wishes, he can also destroy a man when he wills. He can direct the stone from the sling of David to the forehead of Goliath and cause him to die. He can foretell the death of Jezebel by the walls of Jezreel, and no matter what the recent queen may do or where she may go, she cannot escape. And God could also foretell the fate of King Ahab. When Elijah pointed the finger of condemnation at the murderer of Naboth and said, "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even this," he was the messenger of God foretelling how Ahab was to die. And when three years later King Ahab was in battle and an unknown soldier put an arrow to his bow and pulled it up to the tip and let it fly God directed the course of that arrow, and it smote the king in the joints of his armor, and he died, and thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

Now, the whole point of my sermon is this—the soldier who shot that arrow did not know where it was going, but God directed its course. And today I want you to be very careful about the random arrows you let fly. It is never safe for a man to shoot off a gun unless he knows where he is shooting or else he might hurt somebody. There are other injuries, too, that we may do. A heedless word or an inconsistent act may do another an irreparable injury. We may have no malice against him, but casually, inadvertently, we may cause a wound that will never heal. "And a certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote the king of Israel between the joints of his harness."

## A Lesson From a Legend.

If this fact be true, then, my brother, I want you to be very careful how you deal with your fellow men in reference to your public profession of faith in Jesus Christ. I start on the premise that you are a Christian. You may be a very poor Christian. I grant that. You may be leaving undone those things which you ought to do and may be doing those things which you ought not to do. But if I should ask you today what is your hope of immortality you would emphatically answer, "My only hope of a hereafter is my firm belief in the pardoning and saving power of the atoning blood of Jesus Christ."

You are like St. Veronica as described by the legend of old. According to tradition, St. Veronica was a pious woman of Jerusalem. When Jesus was being led forth to his crucifixion, staggering under the weight of his cross, the blood and the perspiration were rolling from his face and body. Christ was tottering along from weakness. Taking pity on him, St. Veronica took her head cloth to wipe his face and cleanse his brow. When Jesus gave Veronica back her cloth the lineaments of his face had been imprinted upon it, and the old legend tells us it was from this imprint that the present idea of Jesus' features have been copied. Has it not been so with the children of godly parents? The Christian mother has so loved Jesus that his spiritual image has been impressed on her very garments and on the wrappings that she puts around her child. We have seen his face in the garments of our childhood. We see today his face in the mantles of manhood and womanhood, and we shall also see his divine face in the

shrouds which shall yet clothe our dead bodies. Yet if I should come to some of you today and say, "Are you a follower of Jesus Christ? Do you stand before all the world and say, 'He is my Saviour and my Lord?' Is some of you would have to answer, 'No.' You believe in Christ in your heart, but you are not willing to profess him with your lips. Now comes the pertinent question: 'Why do you not make this public profession? Why not say, 'Christ is my all in all. He is my only support on this side and my only hope for the other side of the grave.' I ask you again, Why do you not do this?"

## The Worthiest Christian.

"Well," you answer, "what is the good of my doing it? In the first place, I am not wealthy. If I make public profession of Christianity and join the church, I cannot afford to give much money, and the church does not want me unless I am able to pay. Then I cannot attend church often. I am so bound down to the store and the home that when Sunday comes I am just too tired to go out. Then I have not any special ability. I cannot sing or pray in public or teach a Bible class. It does not matter much whether I join the church or no. I might as well stay out as to go there and be a perfect nonentity." No, my brother and sister, you may make those excuses, but you know deep down in your heart you are not telling the truth. You know that the most influential Christian men and women in your life have not been the speakers nor the wealthy men. They were not men and women of great social prominence, but they were men and women who went to church because they could not stay away. Their gospel faith beamed from their eyes and smiled from their lips and greeted you in a warm handshake. Though they were not known to Christ in spite of your selfishness. Now, as these humble Christians of the past generation led you to Jesus by their public profession, cannot you today lead others to Christ in the same way?

But we must not stop here. It is important for us to make a public profession of our faith in Jesus Christ. It is also important for us to lead our fellow men to Jesus by our business dealings as well as by our public prayers. A man cannot be a Christian on Sunday and a sharp, scheming, unprincipled business man during the week. He cannot be a true elder of the church and pass the sacred bread at the holy communion and then as a usurer or a produce exchange manipulator cheat the farmer out of his yearly harvestings on week days. He cannot be a servant of God in the church and yet deny him in the store. And it is in the store that our religion is put to its severest test. If we are willing to give to God a consecrated pocketbook, there will be no difficulty about God giving to us many souls for his hire.

## Christ In Business.

Do you see that young man standing over there? Who is he? "Why," you answer, "he is one of my new clerks. I have just hired him. I do not know who he is, except that he has lately been put upon our payroll." Is that all you know about that young man? Well, I will tell you who that young man is. He is one of your spiritual children. As the sculptor can take a lot of soft clay in his hand and mold it and twist it into the figure of the plaster cast, so you today are molding the spiritual life of that young man. He is as putty in the hands of the glazier. He comes to you fresh from his mother's arms. He knows nothing about the great wide world. You are to be his next teacher. It makes a great deal of difference to him whether you go to church. It also makes a great deal of difference whether you have decreed that honesty and truth shall remain supreme in your business establishment. If you allow your clerk to sell goods under false pretenses you are going to corrupt him. If you compel your employee to be true and honest in dealing with your customers you will make him true and honest and pure. You did not think you were a city set upon a hill. You did not know your gospel light was shining before men in the store. But today, as a business man, you are a spiritual archer, and you cannot help yourself. You are fighting for or else you are fighting against Christ in the store, and your arrows are flying every whither.

But if it is important that we should use our influence for Christ in our financial dealings it is not also important that we should use that influence for Christ in our social intercourse? Indeed, I often think it more important how we deal with our fellow men for Christ in our social intercourse than in business, for then we are able to study men's peculiarities and find out the joints of their hardness. And every man has his vulnerable spot in which he can be reached for Christ. When we meet men in social intercourse we find them off their guard. Then it is so easy to bring them to Jesus if we can only touch the right spot. I never had this fact so powerfully presented to me as by an old friend, who was telling me an incident connected with the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Some years ago Charles Kingsley was on a lecturing trip through the United States. He was in company with Cyrus W. Field, his friend of many years. These two famous men, with a friend of my informant, were traveling together in the same coach. To lighten the tedium of the journey Mr. Field began to tell some of the incidents of the laying of the cable. He had completely failed to raise enough money for the undertaking in America. Then he went to England for help, but skepticism confronted him everywhere. The people said an electric current could not be sent a distance of 3,000 miles under the sea. It was an impossibility. At last, completely discouraged, he was about to come home when he went to bid farewell to Charles Kingsley. "No," said Mr. Kingsley, "don't give up yet. I want you to go and call on Lord Roseland. I believe he will help you out." "No," said Mr. Field; "there is no need of going. Lord Roseland so cares nothing for a scientific proposition. It would only be a waste of time." But at last, under the persuasion of Kingsley, he decided to go.

## He found the noble lord in his dark

surrounded by his dogs. He was so interested in his pack that he gave little attention to Mr. Field's project. He would point out the excellence of this or that animal all the time. Mr. Field was disappointed, for the noble man had the money, and if he could get him interested it might be the success of the enterprise. He saw that he must reach him through his dogs, so he said: "I am surprised that your lordship should say I cannot send an electric current 3,000 miles. Look at that dog," pointing to a fine greyhound. "How long does it take the nerves of that dog to notify his brain that his tail is being hurt? Now, I want to stretch such a nerve across the Atlantic, so that when I pinch the dog's tail in New York he will bark in London." "Ah," said the noble lord, "very good! Let us hear how you can do it." When Cyrus Field left the house he had the lord's order on his bankers for \$250,000 in his pocket. The rest of the money raising was easy. So every man has his vulnerable spot for Christ, as that member of the British nobility had his vulnerable spot for the purposes of an Atlantic cable. Dare we, can we, afford to fritter away our social moments, which may be used for winning souls, to the Master? You have no idea how far your gospel invitations may sink when you deliver them for Christ in the parlor or in the street car or at the dining room table.

## Mighty Facts.

The story is told that many years ago the Geneva evangelist, Caesar Malan, was at a fashionable dinner in the west end of London. He was seated by a beautiful young girl. During the banquet he quietly said to her, "Are you a Christian?" She flushed up at once and answered sharply, "What is a subject for this evening?" "Well," answered the minister, with a gentle, earnest voice, "I will not persist in speaking of it, but I shall pray that you may give your heart to Christ and become a useful worker for him." That was all Dr. Malan said. A few days later that lady came to Dr. Malan's study, begging him to show her the way of life. She then and there gave her heart to Jesus. That young lady's name was Miss Charlotte Elliott, whose memory will be honored as long as the Christian church shall last, for out of that simple question of a humble evangelist there came forth from her pen that matchless hymn which has won multitudes of sinners to Christ.

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou biddest me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

My brother, in the face of these two mighty facts which I have enunciated today I would ask, Can you afford to fritter away your sacred moments when you are in social intercourse with your fellow men? You may think the hour unpropitious, but sometimes the hour of opportunity to man most important for the presentation of the gospel is the most opportune time for Jesus. O Christian friend, draw your bow in the parlor, in the banquet hall, in the street. Shoot the arrows of gospel invitation everywhere. You know but too in the most unexpected places you may win another Charlotte Elliott for Christ.

## The Gospel's Influence.

But, lastly, I remark that we should be careful about our gospel influence over our enemies as well as over our friends. We should strive to lead those to Christ who are attacking us as well as those who are living with us under the same roof. We should be careful about our influence over those who hate us as well as over those who love us. As a rule, we deem our enemies the last people we are likely to have any influence over when in fact there are no classes of people we can more influence for God than those who dislike us and are misrepresenting us and are trying to destroy us.

The story is told that many years ago Dr. Newman Hall was sharply brought face to face with this truth. Newman Hall as all know, was one of the greatest preachers London ever produced. He was the author of that celebrated tract called "Come to Jesus," which was printed by the million and scattered broadcast over the English speaking world. One day Newman Hall was most outrageously abused and misrepresented by one of his enemies. He was so indignant that he sat down and wrote the most exhorting of letters. He called his enemy almost everything in the criminal calendar. But before he sent this letter he read it to one of his friends. "What do you think of that letter?" asked Dr. Hall. "Fine! Fine!" answered his friend. "A man could not write a more crushing and overpowering letter than that. But what are you going to call the letter? You must give it a caption." "What do you suggest?" Dr. Hall. "What would you suggest?" "Oh," answered his friend, "I would suggest you call it 'Bitter Letter, 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'"

Dr. Hall looked up in amazement. He hesitated a moment; then he said: "My friend, you are right. You have taught me a lesson."

## Speak For Christ.

Instead of sending that bitter letter, Newman Hall sat down and wrote a loving note to the enemy who had done him much wrong. Brother, can you not do the same to your enemies? You say, "It would do no good." How do you know? You say that what your enemy needs is a club. No; I think not. I believe that what your enemy needs is a message of Christian love from you. It may be only a random shot, but by the power of the Lord God Almighty that gospel arrow may strike his heart and bring him, a loving penitent, to Jesus. Anyway, it is worth trying. You have shot arrows dipped in poison long enough. Now try to crush your enemies by winning them with gospel love. You can do it. By the power of the Holy Spirit I feel, I know, you can do it.

I am overwhelmed as I think of the opportunities we all have for serving the Master. You may not think your words and deeds amount to much. But let us consecrate every one of them to the utmost of our power, and then he must look after the issue. With the weakest of agents God can achieve the most infinite results. Are you ready today to be one of God's spiritual agents? Are you ready to

do all you can in every way you can, even though all your efforts may seem to be very little?

There was a half-demented boy who used to be a member of one of my eastern churches. The different members were telling what they would do for Christ during the coming year. When the demented boy's turn came he arose and said: "I cannot do much. I know I am half crazy. But I can always be in my place in church, and when the time comes I can hold up my hand for Jesus." Oh, in the dark hours of life, when I have felt my own work to amount to but little, I hear ringing in my ears the words, "Can you not hold up your hand for Jesus?" God will look after the results. Can you not under all conditions lift your hand for Christ? Tell me, friend, though your arm may seem to be weak, can you not under all conditions lift your hand for Christ? You must leave the results with him. Your duty is to raise your hand as high as you can for Christ. Will you lift your hand high for him now?

(Copyright, 1907, by Louis Klopsch.)

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Where Was the Captain Hendee House Mentioned by Rowland Robinson.

To the Editor of The Free Press:

Who has not read Judge Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys" and who does not remember the thrilling adventure of Ethan Allen and Charles Washington at the house of Captain Hendee?

Judge Thompson selected his incidents from authentic story and threw his romance around them, and here we have fact and fancy intimately joined.

Captain Hendee and his beautiful daughter are doubtless fiction, but the description of location, with its house and brook and the intended capture and escape are historical.

But just where were they?

The Rev. Mr. Goodhue began to gather material for his history of Shoreham as early as 1840.

He had access to one person, at least, who was present at the taking of Plover in 1775, and to many others of the next generation, and he compiled one of the best town histories ever published.

From the immediate descendants of Paul Moore, who built the first house in Shoreham at the north end of Milton Hill, Mr. Goodhue obtained the true version of the famous escape of Allen and his companions from the British.

In 1775 they put up for the night at the house of Mr. Richardson, who had a soldier's guard of one hundred acres of land in Bridport, about four miles south of the foot at Crown Point, in 1781.

They were outlawed by the New York government and six British soldiers from the fort attempted to capture them in hope of the reward offered therefor.

By a clever trick they eluded the soldiers and fled to the house of Paul Moore, where, after a supper of bean's meat they slept on a bunk bed, and in the morning amused themselves with shooting at a mark in the field, in defiance of New York and the Red Coats.

Thus the main incident of Richardson's farm is substantiated as a historic fact. For more exact particulars of the location of this farm we are indebted to Burgoynes' statement of his expedition from Canada, where he states, that June 30, 1777, General Frazer with British light infantry and artillery moved from Putnam Creek, where they had been encamped some days, up to the west shore of the lake to Four Mile point, a few miles from Ticonderoga, and that the German reserve, under Lieutenant Colonel Freeman, were moved at the same time to Richardson's farm on the east shore opposite to Putnam Creek."

Mr. Goodhue had never seen Burgoynes' statement, for he says the site of Col. Freeman's camp is said to be noted on the map accompanying the narrative of Burgoynes' expedition, which is certainly true.

And thus Mr. Goodhue, collecting his information from local sources, and Burgoynes' more particular description have located the place which Judge Thompson has called Captain Hendee's house, with its neighboring brook, opposite Putnam Creek, about four miles south of Crown Point.

At the present time no such house exists, but opposite Putnam's Creek the lake has an abrupt bank, and on this bluff, about one hundred feet back, are well preserved foundation walls and excavation which underlie such a house, and less than half that distance northward from this site the brook away, which at certain seasons, even now, empties into the lake. When dry it shows distinctly the bed of a stream that not many years ago was a permanent flowing brook.

From this clearing the point at Fort Frederick was open to view four miles to the north, as well as a long stretch of the lake to the south.

Judge Thompson undoubtedly made his description of the surroundings from personal observation.

And so, Judge Thompson, Mr. Goodhue and Burgoynes have each, and entirely independent of each other, contributed the necessary evidence to establish the exact spot where stood the Richardson or Captain Hendee house.

ALLEN.

## PUBLIC REGULATION TO COME.

Every year the points of contact and of friction between government and private interests have multiplied. In the days of wellwater, candles, sorghum, and flat boats, there were no water-gas, sugar, or railroad interests to vex politics. Home-grown food did not call for the inspector. Till the factory came there was no need to bar children from toll or to enforce the guarding of dangerous machinery. A generation ago the little razor-back gas and horse-car companies had no call to mix in politics, but the advent of water-gas, and the railway, coupled with urban growth, gave them the lure of monopoly profit to defend, and made the public-service corporations the arch-enemies of city-councils.

The railroads competed, but their consolidators have driven the despairing shipper to look to government for protection. On all sides we see business that, feeling less and less the automatic curb of competition, will soon need the shroud of public regulation.—E. A. Ross, in the September Atlantic.

## HOW IT WORKS.

"You'd better take out some life insurance." "Go on. I'm so healthy I won't do for 60 years yet."

But if you get a policy you'll probably work yourself to death paying premiums.—Cleveland Leader.

## HOPEFUL.

She-You call me beautiful now, but will you call me beautiful 20 years from now?

Oh—Oh, why picture the dismal side of everything? You may be dead then.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## WORLDWIDE KITE-FLYING.

Scientists in Many Places Exploring the Regions of the Upper Air.

Young Americans who delight in flying kites—and that means all young Americans—would do well to become professional meteorologists. These are about the only people in the world who make it pay to send tandems of kites as far into the air as wind and string will permit. They play with toy balloons, too.

These delvers into the secrets of the atmosphere have been enjoying a field day during the worldwide experiments that have been going on these last few weeks in exploration of the upper air. Out at Mount Weather in the Virginia hills, where the United States weather bureau maintains a station that is free from disturbances of noise and dust and the wandering electric currents which work the mischief with delicate instruments in the city; at Blue Hill observatory, near Boston, run privately by A. Lawrence Rotch; at Oshkott, England; Trappes, France; Guadalajara, Spain; Strassburg, Hamburg and Lindenberg, Germany; at Simla, India, the highest inhabited place in the British empire; at Warsaw in Russia; aboard the German steamship Zieten and on a private yacht off the Azores, at Zurich, Switzerland, where the international commission on aeronautics has been launching almost innumerable sounding balloons—in these various places young scientists have been having the time of their lives, sending up great Lamsen and Hargrave kites in a general effort to learn something about the air currents in the vast regions above the trade winds. All these meteorologists have been working in harmony. They constitute, in fact, the greatest wind trust ever organized.

There is abundant room for them to make discoveries in their chosen field of investigation. Their science is still, so to speak, very much in the air. The most eminent meteorologists readily confess their ignorance regarding many things which the layman who has studied a little physical geography in the high school has always supposed settled. Such a problem, even, as that of where the atmosphere ends has not been authoritatively settled. In older books used to be informed that there is a definite height at which the air stops and space begins. Some writers pictured an atmospheric surface similar to the surface of the ocean and actuated with vast waves.

Now the meteorologists concede that they don't know anything of the kind. On the contrary, the tendency is toward a view that the air just thins off, growing more and more attenuated the farther one goes from the earth. This view conforms with the new conception of the sun as brought out by one of the world's most famous astro-physicists, Lord Kelvin, who has been in Washington lecturing before the Washington Philosophical society and who provided with a learned array of mathematical tables that the sun has no definite surface, its circular disk being an optical illusion, but just fades off into space in every direction so that, strictly speaking, Mercury, Venus, ourselves, Mars and other planets are all in the sun. So there may be a limit to the air, but all the way from here to the moon and beyond. At all events, hydrogen seems to be escaping into space all the time.

There are many other mysteries connected with the earth's air which need special study by trained scientists. The difficulty is that of adequate preparation for the study of meteorology. One of the cherished hopes of Cleveland Abbe, professor of mathematics in the Weather Bureau, who for many years has given courses in the graduate school of the George Washington University, formerly Columbian University, that there may be established in connection with the university an important school of meteorology. The supply of young men competent to enter the service of the Weather Bureau is very limited. A few university and scientific schools have elementary courses in meteorology but there are no opportunities for advanced study except in Washington. There has been no time for some years when the Weather Bureau has not had a waiting list of a larger number of expert meteorologists than it can possibly command.

This lack of suitable candidates for very desirable positions in the governmental service is likely to be made up before long. The growth of graduate work at George Washington University, especially after the university has been located in a more extensive plant and with added prestige, will be certain to attract students of this important science. Professor Abbe has from time to time had advanced pupils, generally from the governmental bureau, but the dearth of facilities for elementary instruction has up to this time stood in the way of the development of a more extensive study.

"Someday, the kite flying experiment" that are now going on are of a character to illustrate specifically the fascinations of the meteorologist's work. It is no about thirteen years since scientific kite flying was first developed by William A. Eddy of Bayonne, N.J. Most of the kites at present used are of the familiar box pattern, one, the Hargrave, the other, the Lamson, invented by C. H. Lamson of Portland, Me. Each of these has its peculiar uses and the two are frequently employed in conjunction. The ascending kites bear meteorographs, receptacles which contain various scientific apparatus. There is, of course, an alcohol thermometer. A hypsometer shows how near the atmosphere is during the kite's flight. A barometer indicates the height reached and substantiates calculations made trigonometrically at the station. An anemometer tells how fast the wind blows. These kites of the weather bureau experts and their associates are frequently sent up to heights exceeding three miles.

The kites, but serious pastime of the meteorologist is not confined to kite flying. From many of the stations at which these experiments have been conducted burning balloons have been sent up. These also bear recording instruments. After they have reached a certain height they burst and the instruments picked up sometimes miles away from the station record the height reached and various other facts. They sometimes reach an altitude of ten miles. It is planned to distribute many of these balloons to ships for release in mid-ocean.

## THE REMEDY.

Sweet young thing—I suppose, Mr. Oldhead, that you are sometimes afflicted with writers' cramp?

Oldhead (novelist)—Oh, yes, my dear; very often.

S. Y. T.—What do you do for it, Mr. Oldhead?

Oldhead—Oh I put up my watch, or negotiate a small loan from some of the boys.—Toledo Blade.

## KEEP IT DARK.

Oh, why is the young wife weeping? Is she weary of washing and sweeping and leary?

Oh no! It's not that. She is weeping for her fat.

Is too dark for light housekeeping.—J. Adair Strawn, in Harper's Weekly.

## WHAT HAVE THE PHILIPPINES COST?

(From the Washington Herald.)

The absence of exact data, one man's guess is as good